

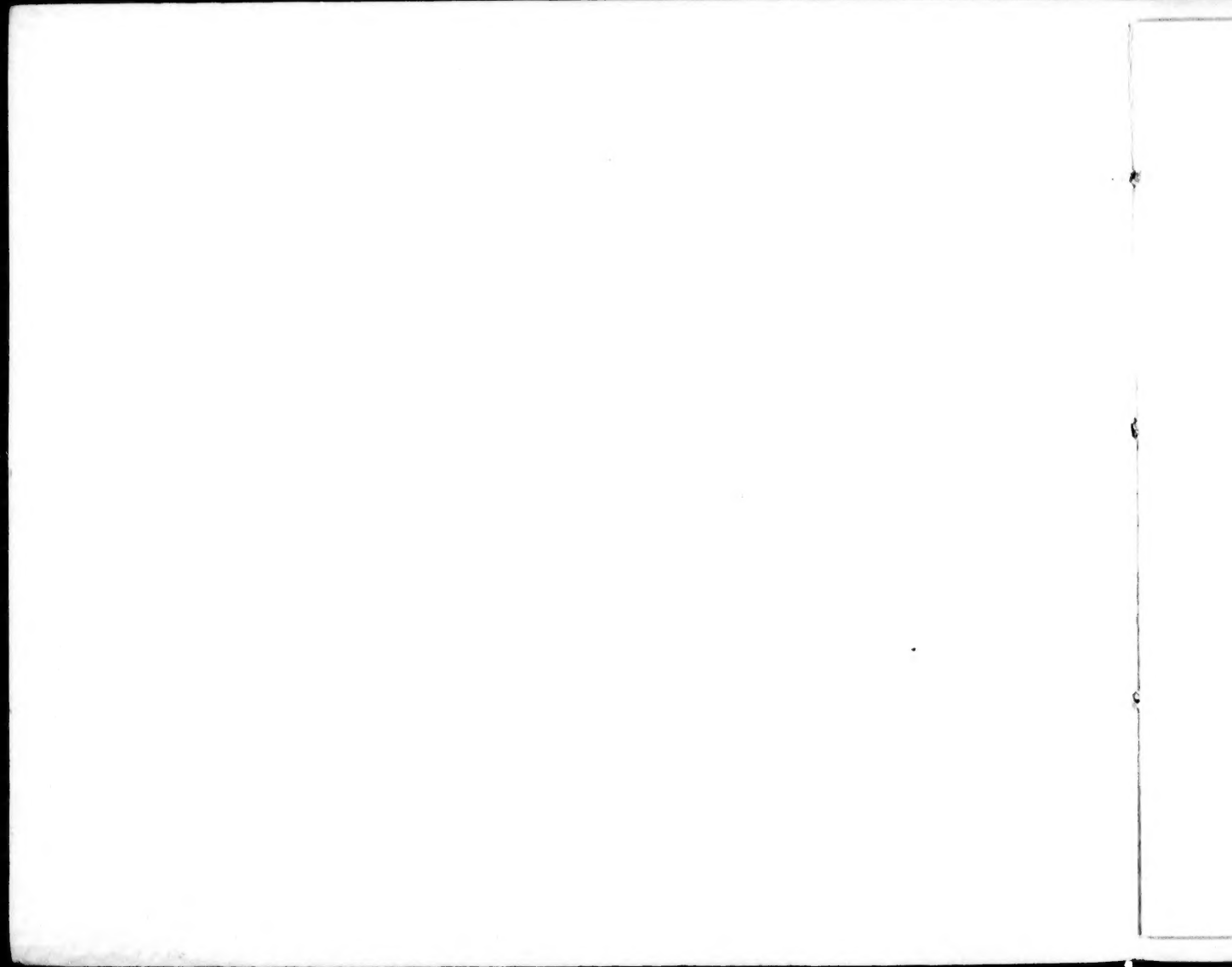
Belated Violets

Pam
PR9
J126
CANADIANA

By —————

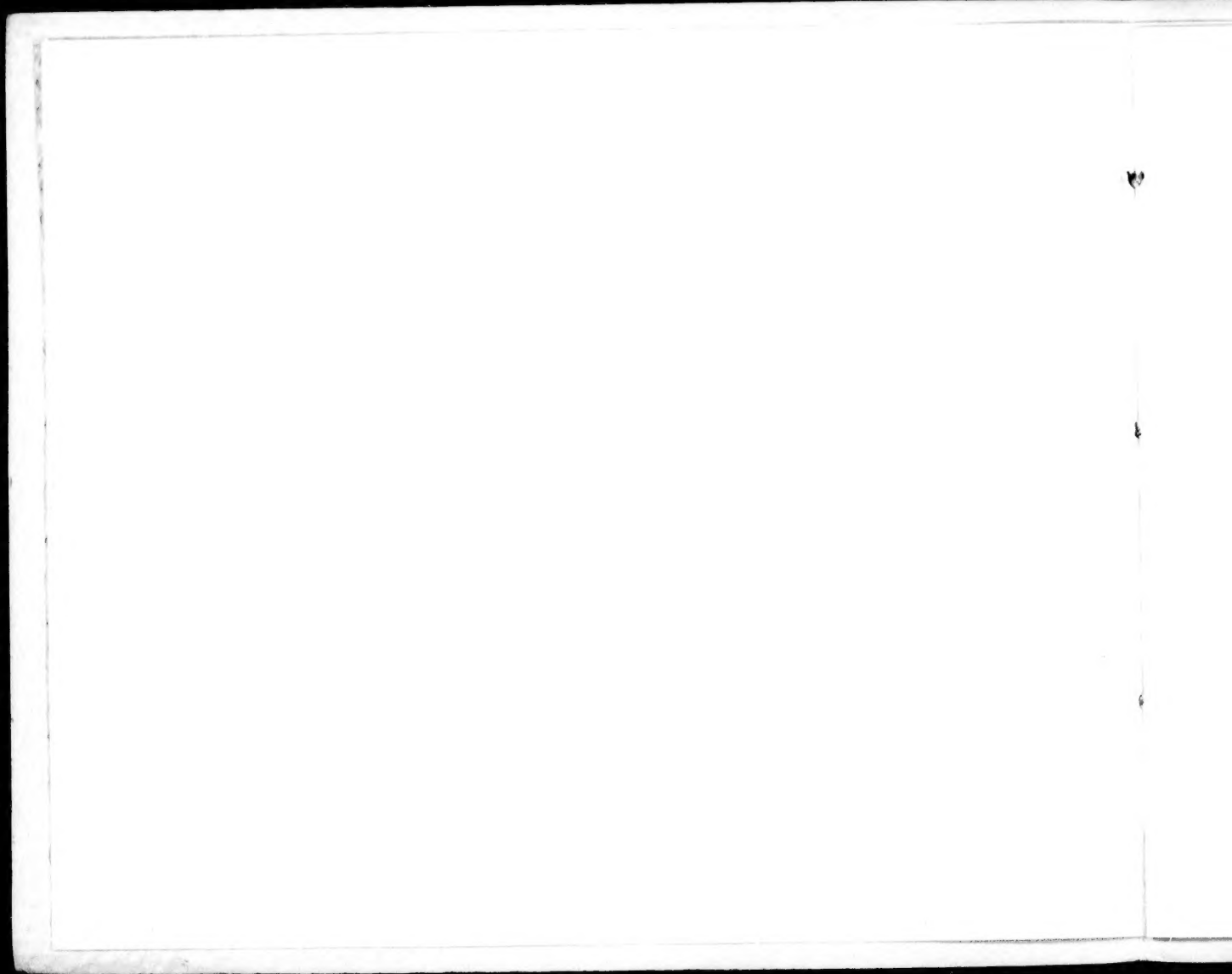
ANNIE L. JACK





WHY are you here beneath the wintry skies
My darling violets, when all nature dies?
Did you forget the snow the winters bring,
And dream that you had slept until the spring?





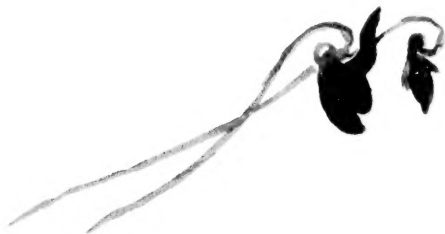


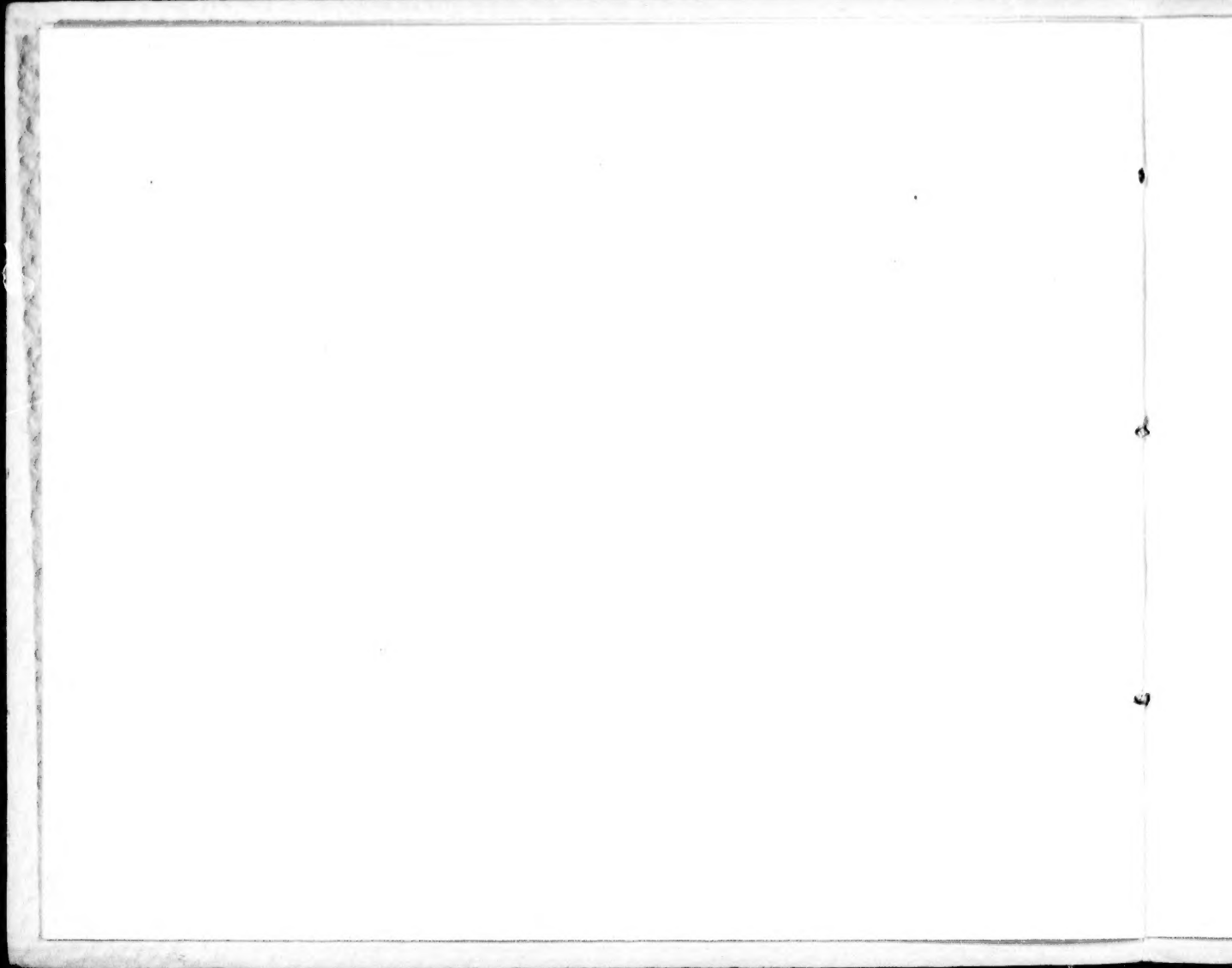
YOUR fragrance makes me faint for vanished hours,
For days o'er which no storm cloud ever lowers ;
For youth and hope, and all of life that died
When autumn's frost first killed the garden's pride.





AH ! sweetest blossoms of the April rain,
You give the earth your perfume now in vain ;
And then like love unsought, you feel the breath
Of love's adversity, December's death.





HERE! go to sleep, close up your frosted eyes,
And open them again in glad surprise ;
When soft winds blow, and violets newly born
Proclaim the glad earth's resurrection morn.

